

DRUNKEN GIANT CHASES CYCLISTS.

Mounted on a Brewery
Truck, Armed with
a Blacksnake.

CLUBBED BY THE POLICE.

Fights Like a Demon, Encour-
aged by a Band of
Bicycle Haters.

LOCKED UP, MEEK AS MOSES.

James Clark, Crazy from Liquor,
Celebrates on the Wrong
Side of the Boule-
vard.

To the Cycling Public:

The Journal offers to aid in the vigorous prosecution of any driver who intentionally or recklessly runs down a cyclist. Report any such case to the City Editor of the Journal, giving names of eye witnesses.

Opinions of L. A. W. Consuls.

The Journal's crusade in behalf of protection for cyclists on the street is a move in the right direction. It will be a great thing if a system of road rules can be devised and enforced. A newspaper can accomplish more in this direction than any other agency.

C. M. Richards,
No. 12 Warren street.

All cyclists endorse the Journal's crusade. It will do a great deal of good.

Harrie M. Crandall,
No. 45 William street.

What Bike Policemen Say.

Turning of corners too sharply and too fast by drivers is a chief cause of accidents.

Cyclists try to get out of the way, for they know they will get the worst of a collision.

Cable cars should come to a full stop at Fifty-fifth street and Eighth avenue, at Sixty-fifth street and the Boulevard, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, and at One Hundred and Sixth street and Columbus avenue.

Magistrates should make fines more severe, especially for scorches who have been arrested more than once.

A drunken driver, madly lashing two large bay horses attached to a brewery truck, made the bicyclists and pedestrians on the Boulevard run for their lives, at 7 p. m. yesterday.

James Clark, thirty-seven years old, a giant 6 feet 4 inches tall, and weighing over 200 pounds, who says his home is at No. 4 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, was the cause of the trouble. A large quantity of beer which the man had imbibed was the cause, as, when sober, Clark, like other giants, is good natured.

The wagon belongs to James Eversard, the brewer. Just below Fifty-fifth street Clark turned into the Boulevard. He began by taking the wrong side. The helper, who sat beside him, told him to look out for the police, but Clark told him to mind his own business, as he was running the wagon.

He gave the horses a vicious cut, and they leaped forward. Three ladies and a gentleman on a bicycle were ahead, and the drunken driver bore down on them. The helper yelled to them to look out, and in their anxiety to get out of danger the wheels became tangled, and all were obliged to dismount. One woman was unable to get away in time, and her escort pulled her to a place of safety as the heavy truck passed over the wheel, wrecking it.

By this time a number of wheelmen were chasing the fleeing truck, and Bicycle Policemen Thomson joined. He rode alongside the driver and called on him to halt and take the other side.

The reply came in the shape of a wicked blow from the black snake whip. Thomson saw the man would be too much for him alone, so he waited till at the corner of Sixty-fifth street, where Policeman James H. Harris, of the West Sixty-eighth Street station, was on post. He caught the horses by their bridles, almost falling under the feet of the animals as they reared and plunged.

Policeman Thomson was in the back of the wagon in an instant and pulled Clark off the seat backward. He was not to be subdued, and he fought like a madman.

A crowd of several hundred persons assembled. Detectives McNaught, of the Central Office, and Hughes, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, saw the trouble from a block away, and reinforced Thomson.

The three officers had to use their clubs before Clark would give in. The crowd took sides against the police when they began to club the driver. The officers paid little attention to the mob, and Clark was taken to the West Sixty-eighth street station, with blood streaming down his face and neck. The driver, Alfred Geary, of No. 381 West Fifty-second street, tried to get out of the way. Bonner was thrown under the truck and the rear wheel passed over both limbs.

The young man clambered to his feet and asked for his wheel. "You don't think a thing like this would hurt a fellow, do you?" he asked a policeman. His lips

were bruised, but he was able to go home. His wheel was badly damaged.

Like Hansel, of No. 131 West Seventy-ninth street, was driving a light wagon on the Boulevard last night, when at the corner of Sixty-seventh street his horse became unmanageable. The animal ran across the drive and into the grass plot, almost running over several wheelmen. Bicycle Policeman George W. Brown caught the horse before any damage was done or anyone injured.

Cyclists who submit to impositions were set a good example yesterday by Miss Ray O'Brien, of No. 138 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street. She was riding her wheel at the corner of One Hundred and Twentieth street and Morris avenue. A grocery wagon, driven by George Schick, turned the corner sharply. Miss O'Brien was caught between the wagon and the curb, and the wagon struck her wheel, damaging it and throwing her to the ground. She was not injured. She called a policeman and had the driver arrested. She followed him to the Harlem Police Court and Magistrate Cornell found him \$5 and read him a lecture.

Bicycle Policemen are enforcing the law governing drivers with greater care since the Journal began its crusade. Twenty-two arrests were made Friday night of drivers and scorches. Fines of from \$1 to \$5 were imposed. Last night arrests were made at a still livelier rate, and the record promised to be eclipsed to-day.

Bicycle Policeman Thomas Jones made two more arrests of drivers yesterday for driving on the wrong side of the boulevard. The men were Harry E. Kimberly, an employee of the New York City Company, and James Jordan, a truckman, of No. 211 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street. They were arraigned in Yorkville Court and fined \$5 each.

A serious accident to a cyclist occurred yesterday in Brooklyn. Joseph Mayer, of No. 1073 Second avenue, falls city, was run over by a coach on Broadway and killed. He was hurled and injured internally and his skull was crushed. Patrick Clifton was the driver of the coach.

REGISTERED MAIL STOLEN.

Robbery Committed Somewhere Between Here and Malmo, Sweden—Ninety-five Letters Missing.

The Post Office authorities are engaged in investigating the robbery of a registered mail pouch sent from this country to Sweden, from which ninety-five letters were abstracted. The authorities are convinced that the theft was committed somewhere between the New York Post Office and Malmo, Sweden.

The missing pouch, so the records of the local office show, left here on the morning of May 15 last, and was placed on board the steamer *Suile*, of the North German Lloyd line, sailing for Bremen. At Bremen the mail was reported as having been sent to Copenhagen, Denmark, and from there was placed on board the steamship *Malthus*, which sailed for Malmo. It was to have been transferred for Naejo. But at Malmo it was suddenly discovered that one of the mail bags had been tampered with, and that the ninety-five registered letters were missing. The value of the contents is, of course, unknown to the postal authorities, and it will take many weeks to learn.

As nearly as can be learned here the registered Swedish mail that went out on the *Suile* and which is missing contained letters from Allison, Mass., addressed to "So Jung, Vergara," and to K. Lagerholm, Bergsholm. Three others were from Boston, addressed to A. C. Lohman, Sundberg; Miss A. Johnson, Stockholm, and M. Lundquist, Porena. Another was from Providence, R. I., addressed to E. Anderson, Lawless, while no list of those missing from New York, Chicago and the West has as yet been made out.

AGAIN ARE MAN AND WIFE

Divorced Couple, for Their Children's Sake, Forgive, Forget and Are Re-married.

For their children's sake a man and woman, who had been separated by the law, resolved to again be husband and wife and on Friday the bonds that again made them one were forged by Justice of the Peace Louis R. McCullough, of Hoboken.

The bride that again promised to love, honor and obey the man from whom she had parted in anger, journeyed across the continent to again become his wife. Fifteen and more years ago Robert Scott met, married and won pretty seventeen-year-old Dinah Elizabeth Greenery. The couple, after the wedding, moved to San Francisco. There two boys were born to them. Nearly three years ago husband and wife quarreled and separated. Why they did not get the justice, then followed a divorce. The mother kept the youngest boy with her, and father and child, came East. Mr. Scott is now manager and purchasing agent for a large New York concern and lives in East Orange. Although separated, letters were exchanged between the former husband and wife, telling of their children's progress. Several weeks ago the couple decided to get their children's sake to again become husband and wife. The long journey across the continent ended for the bride-to-be on Thursday. She and the groom were there. The couple, Grand Central depot by Mr. Scott and the bride. The greetings exchanged between the father and mother, with their two sons, drove to the office of Justice McCullough and in their children's presence were again made one.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott reside at No. 52 Halstead street, East Orange.

FIGHT IN A WELL.

Insane Man Jumps n and Resists the Efforts of Two Others to Rescue Him.

William Sanborn, a farm hand, of Chappaqua, N. Y., became violently insane Friday afternoon. He thought he was the devil, and, after taking off all his clothes and pulling out his false teeth, he set fire to the stuff, declaring it a sacrifice to all the devils. Then he ran about a mile and jumped into Mrs. Dolan's well, which is thirty feet deep and his nearly ten feet of water.

George Washburn and several others ran to the well, expecting to find Sanborn dead, but instead they discovered a clinging to the broken rope. The crazy man refused to be pulled out, and it was necessary for two of the rescuers to descend into the well. After a desperate fight, during which the trio were nearly drowned, Sanborn was pulled to the surface. Yesterday he was committed to the Poughkeepsie Insane Asylum.

PUT TO ROUT BY BEES.

Carpenters Forced to Flee from a Building by a Big Swarm That Was Going West.

A big swarm of bees drove several carpenters from the dwelling house of Solomon S. Mead, on Quaker Ridge, at East Port Chester, yesterday morning. The bees came from the east, and took complete possession of the house, and the carpenters were forced to flee for their lives. Nearly every man was stung several times before he could get away. An effort will be made to drive the bees.

HIS CRIME A GOOD JOKE.

Regarded by the Boy Who Set Fire to Josephine Miller's Dress.

William Schneider, the schoolboy, of Evergreen, Long Island, who set fire to the dress of Josephine Miller, of that place, causing her death, has been arrested. To the District Attorney, at Long Island City, he repeated the story of his wanton act, and seemed to think it a good joke.

He was placed under \$1,000 bonds, which were furnished. The inquest will be held to-morrow night at Brecht's Hotel in Evergreen.

AN HEIRESS FROM ST. ANDREW'S ISLE

Miss Adella Rubenstein Arrives on the Little Schooner Aldine.

HER FATHER'S MONOPOLY.

He Is a Whole "Cocoanut Trust" in Himself, and Is Not Popular.

THE BLACKS MAKE DARK THREATS

They Are So Lazy, However, That It Is Not Believed the Life of the Capitalist Is in Serious Danger.

Miss Adella Rubenstein, a pretty, dark-haired girl of nineteen, was one of the passengers on the little American schooner *Aldine*, which reached this port from St. Andrew's Island, in the Caribbean Sea, last Friday. Miss Rubenstein has spent eight months at St. Andrew's, and she does not long for a further residence there, in spite of the fact that her father, Isaac Rubenstein, is making a small fortune on the island. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rubenstein is giving the slow-moving natives more points in finance than they ever heard of before, and they are not receiving the lessons with the degree of gratitude that he expected. He keeps a general store, where he sells everything in the way of dry and wet goods.

Immersed as he has been in money getting, Mr. Rubenstein, it is thought, had time to note the growing discontent with her surroundings manifested by Miss Adella, and decided to send her to her relatives in New York. It is supposed, too, that a sense of the danger the young lady was running in remaining in the little Caribbean island while his own unpopularity was increasing, influenced him. His son, who has been residing here in his St. Andrew's business, is expected in New York soon on the schooner *George W. Whitford*.

Is the Trader in Danger?

Mrs. Landers, wife of the *Aldine's* skipper, who has spent the winter at St. Andrew's, came home on the schooner, which was loaded up to her deck beams with coconuts. She said Isaac Rubenstein had undersold every one in St. Andrew's until he had practically a clear field. He is regarded as a monopolist and he has aroused the enmity of the natives. Several times hints have been made that summary measures would be taken with him.

"St. Andrew's is about seven miles long and five broad," said Mrs. Landers, "and there are possibly 2,000 natives there. They are a peaceful lot, generally speaking, for they are too lazy to be anything else. They are not especially religious in their tendencies, but they will not molest any one unless aroused. They dislike the whites, however, for they are themselves almost jet black, though I have seen some of copper color, with features that resembled those of our own American Indians. They stick together, and though they will tolerate a white person they do not love him, but get all they can out of him in the way of money. Rubenstein has practically turned the tables, and he is not surprised that they do not like him."

"He has in the short time of his residence there obtained the best trade, and besides he has been shrewd enough to get the natives in debt to him until they are actually afraid that he will in time own the island. He has been very successful in getting a lot of broken English, and her face at once grew stern. 'There are those here who will not let him run around,' she said significantly. 'That one remark showed the feeling that exists against Rubenstein. He does not seem to realize it, or he does, he does not care. He has a large store and sends down half a schooner load at a time, and then he also buys of nearly every vessel that enters the almost landlocked harbor.'

No Millionaires in St. Andrew's.

"Coconuts are the chief product of the island and happy is the man who owns a coconut walk, for that means practical immunity from labor of any sort. A man could live here on coconuts, and his income will reach \$250 a year in our money, and on this a St. Andrew's native can live luxuriously. Their houses are of wood and generally one and a half stories, two rooms. The wealthiest man in St. Andrew's except Rubenstein is David May, a wonderful individual. He is probably worth all of \$5,000. He has a house with two stories."

"The most prominent figure in the little town is the Rev. Mr. Lightburn, the Baptist preacher. I ought to have told you that those who profess any religion in St. Andrew's are Baptists. The Rev. Lightburn is a colored man. He and his wife have succeeded in building a church, which is practically owned by them, and there the pastor holds forth vigorously every Sunday. He also plays the organ, which was secured by a popular subscription. Besides these accomplishments Mr. Lightburn is a physician, and he attends all the sick of the island. His father before him was also a preacher and physician."

"Outside the little settlement, near the church, the entire island is covered with coconut trees. There are no roads—noting but paths, and these are very narrow and often very rough. The island is of volcanic formation, the soil being a mixture of lava and guano and it has been feared more than once that this little dot on the Caribbean would disappear in the sea."

No. 10

FOR

DYSPEPSIA

No. 10 settles the Stomach.
No. 10 corrects the Digestion.
No. 10 relieves Heart-burn.
No. 10 stimulates the Liver.
No. 10 gives zest to the appetite.
No. 10 prevents distress after eating.
No. 10 dissipates Bloatingness.
No. 10 clears the complexion.
You have tried "77" for Grip and Colds, now try No. 10 for Dyspepsia.

INFANTS.—For Teething, Colic,

Crying and Wakefulness, use No. 3.

All druggists, or sent for 25c, 50c, or \$1. MEDICAL BOOKS.—Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of all Diseases mailed free. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

CHURCH ARMY ALL RIGHT.

Commission Denies the Report That General Hadley, Its Director, Has Been Repudiated.

The Church Army Commission yesterday sent out an authorized denial of the report that General Hadley, military director of the United States Church Army has been "repudiated," and the probability that the army would soon collapse. The statement declares that the work of the army was never so satisfactory and that departments are soon to be established throughout New England, in New York,

New Jersey and Pennsylvania the army is sweeping onward. The statement further says:

"The Parochial Missions Society, in October last, appointed a Commission of Four 'to be responsible for the absolute control of the work until such time as a suitable clerical head shall be appointed by the Parochial Missions Society.' The Rev. Dr. Bradley is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Parochial Missions Society, and was requested by that committee to take the headship of the Church Army Commission. The Executive Committee of the Parochial Missions Society has simply voted to relinquish the responsibility they were asked to take, by the joint action of the committees appointed by the Bishop of the Diocese and the Diocesan Convention, and thus has withdrawn all the limitations to the absolute control of the Church Army

by the Commission, made by their own action in October last."

WILL UNCLE SAM PAY UP?

Secretary Gage Refuses to Remit for Vault Space in the New Appraiser's Building. Deputy Commissioner Wilds, of the Department of Public Works, recently made a demand upon the Treasury Department in Washington for the payment of \$8,000 for vault space in the new Appraiser's Building at Christopher and Greenwich streets. Secretary Gage replied yesterday that he had no appropriation from which to pay the amount. As the vaults were built without

any demand or interference on the part of the city he did not know that the Federal Government was liable. Moreover, he declared, the State Legislature had exempted the land for the warehouses "from all taxes and assessments."

Mr. Wilds has replied to this that the city did not know the vaults were built until after the work was done; that the exemptions of the Legislature applied only to the land actually bought by the Government; that the latter had not acquired title to the streets, and, as the vaults were under the street, Uncle Sam must submit to local laws and pay for the 4,000 feet of vault space.

GREATER NEW YORK'S GREATEST STORE
Boomingdale's
354 Ave. 50 & 60th St.

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Boomingdale's
354 Ave. 50 & 60th St.

Making a New Third Ave. Record!

No other store from ocean to ocean is able and willing to make prices so low for its patrons. Fate has been knocking at the doors of many firms in the days just gone, and they have been compelled to realize on their holdings. It's times like these that we show our master hand. There never was such a wealth of royal bargains as Monday shall see!

AN UMBRELLA OPPORTUNITY.



and will be ready for picking sharp at 9 o'clock Monday—like this:

39c.
For 26 and 28 inch Umbrella, fast color, oak and birch handles, for men and women.

74c.
For 26 and 28 inch Britannia Umbrella (with bright silk cases), on steel rod, Congo and Welzel handles.

98c.
For 24, 26 and 28 inch Silk Carolla Umbrella (tulle silk cases), on steel rods, Congo and Welzel handles.

\$1.47
24, 26 and 28 inch Yarn-Dyed Taffeta Silk Umbrella (case and tassel to match), tight rolling on steel rods, Congo and Welzel handles.

The prices would be as much again had the umbrellas come by the usual route.—Hence your opportunity.

A HOSIERY HAPPENING.

The Monroe Manufacturing Company, with a New York office at No. 9 Pine St., had several thousand pairs of hose on hand. A fat check was better to them than the hose, so they took our offer. Ten casefuls arrived Friday night. We divide them into four lots, and make four prices:

FOR MEN
Lot 3—Men's 2-thread Imported Maco Half Hose, with high-splendored heels and double soles, extra fine quality, in black, russet, and best grades of haberdashery; Monroe Mfg. Co.'s price to the wholesaler was \$2.75; Bloomingdale's price to the public.

11c.
Lot 4—Men's very best quality Lisle Thread Half Hose in fancy colors and black and russet shades; Monroe Mfg. Co.'s price to the wholesaler was \$4 to \$6 per doz., which means that none are worth less than 50c. pair at retail, but we say

24c.
Lot 2—Women's Lisle Thread, Rembrandt Ribbed, Ingrain Hose, also Fancy Striped, and all the latest shades; Monroe Mfg. Co.'s price to the wholesaler was \$4.50; figure up what a big retailer would have to charge, and then wonder at this price—

24c.

CLOTHES FOR MEN.

There'll be an overwhelming audience to-morrow in the clothing store. For six days you've been getting us to build your suits to order at half the price charged ordinarily. Now let's tell you of a deal we made whereby we got a few hundreds of ready-to-put-on Coats and Vests, to sell at

\$8.50

Garments that you'll be proud of—satisfied with the investment you made; satisfied with the clothes after you've worn them six months. They are made of fine Black Clay Worsted; gotten up in best tailored fashion, lined with silk, and sizes to fit all sorts of men. Want say what they're worth. That you'll see. A pair of light trousers to go with them; as nobly as if they were made in the high-price tailor shops—\$2 a pair. They are our \$4 kinds.

Bicycle Suits at \$1.98.

Got 200 of them at half; so shall you! Made of good, splendid-looking washing cloth, with cap, and only \$1.98 to pay—imagine it!

All druggists, or sent for 25c, 50c, or \$1. MEDICAL BOOKS.—Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of all Diseases mailed free. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

COSTUMES AND WRAPS HALF PRICE.

Costume and Wrap time for us is nearly gone. For you—lots of it yet, but the prices we've marked these beautiful garments at make it suit both of us. Shan't carry a dollar's worth over if we can help it. Hence your opportunity.

65 beautiful Organdie Dresses—were \$30, \$37.50, \$45, \$60—you pay us just half those prices.
32 French Foulard Dresses, charming designs—were \$38, \$40.50, \$50, \$65.50—now \$19, \$20.25, \$25 and \$32.50.
18 magnificent figured Grenadine and Nets over silk—were \$65, \$70, \$78.50, \$85, \$90 and \$100—divide those prices in two and they're yours.

90 Imported High Novelty Capes and Wraps, all exclusive novelties—one of each—were \$40, \$45, \$47.50, \$50, \$75, \$98, \$125—same here, too—just pay us half—not a cent more!

25 pretty India Silk Suits, our own productions, were \$20; take them at \$10. It's better storekeeping to have at this time of the year fifty cents' worth of money than 2 dollar's worth of such goods.

SHIRT WAISTS.

Over 4,200 brand new spick-and-span Shirt Waists of fine lawn and dimity. These Waists were made by Stanley to sell at \$7.50 to \$12.00 per dozen, and the name Stanley stamps them "right" in every way—fit, quality and style. We make three lots at

39c., 55c., 65c.

It makes us laugh to see folks going wild over Waist bargains that are not anything like the bargains these are.

DRESS GOODS DOINGS.

Lots of dress elegance that slow folks don't see. Some of the most chic and genteel fabrics are here. You never bought such a heaping-full money's worth as you may to-morrow.

Here are some hints:

COLORED STUFFS.

At 21c, a yard—282 pieces of Mohair high luster, brilliant stuffs in navy and black.
At 30c, yard—Imported novelties, have been selling as high as \$1.
At 30c, yard—42-inch all-wool Jubilee Checks, London's prevailing fad; value 50c.
At 30c, yard—54-inch dark gray mixed covert suiting; would make an ideal cycling costume.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

These bargains in Black Stuffs want your attention to-morrow:
At 15c, yard—2,000 yds. of black figured Grenadines and Broadened Estamines—reduced from 40c.
At 30c, yard—2,000 yds. of black figured Grenadines, satin finish, in jet or blue black.
At 30c, yard—2,400 yards black Lander-die Suits, 54 inches wide, sprigged and shirred, very much used for tailor-made garments and separate skirts.

SILKS.

Only enough for a quick day's selling, so hurry! Some of the prettiest things we've had to show this season, and prices far littler than before.

GINOES.

Conchas, full size, genuine Key West, clear Havana, each 4c. Perfectos, clear Havana, 3c. 25c.

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

CHAMPAGNE.

Pints, case, \$25.00; bottle, \$1.30. Quarts, case, \$25.00; bottle, \$2.00.

GENUINE RHINE WINES

at much less than cost of importations. Hochheimer, dozen quarts, \$1.25; dozen pints, \$2.20.

Oberrheinheimer, red Rhine, dozen quarts, \$3.30.

Affenbacher, red Rhine, dozen quarts, \$3.75.

Koblenz, Gelsenheimer, Hattenheimer, per dozen quarts, \$6.00.

California Claret, Extra Fine, full 4 galon, 25c.

Genuine Jas. E. Pepper Whiskey, 3 years old, must be carried away, not more than 4 bottles to any customer, per bottle, 35c.

3D AVE.,

59TH TO 60TH ST.; "L" STATION.